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## Evening.

BY SPEER STRAHAN, '17.

*Quia repleta est terra scientia Domini.*

ACROSS the restless waves a sunlit sail  
Dips snowy wings into the evening sea  
And winds in measured flight a crystal trail  
Of ocean as the dusk falls silently.

For through the trembling gloom the stars appear,  
And flower all the azure fields of night.  
Thou God! the waves, the stars proclaim Thee near;  
Thy Name makes music on each wind's wild flight.

## The Catholic Treatment of the Arthurian Legends.

BY JACOB R. GEIGER.

THE ultimate source of the Arthurian Legends in English is Malory's "Le Morte D'Arthur." Just as the plays of Shakespeare are regarded as the highest development of the old stories from which they are drawn, so Malory's "Le Morte D'Arthur" is regarded as superior to all previous treatments of the Arthurian Legends. Moreover, all later versions of these legends are based, to some extent, upon Malory. His influence is felt even in Spencer and much English poetry not connected with Arthur. Among these later treatments, perhaps none is so well known as Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." In fact, there is such a resemblance both in general plot and in characters that "The Idylls" are often regarded as nothing more than a poetic treatment of "Le Morte D'Arthur." Yet, in spite of the great similarity between the two, there is also a noticeable difference in character delineation, as well as in the matter of philosophy and general outlook upon life.

Both "The Idylls of the King" and "Le

Morte D'Arthur" are of tragic issue. Both open with the death of Uther Pendragon and the struggle for supremacy among the several aspirants to the throne. At the very outset there is a hint of impending doom due to Arthur's sin; but Arthur wins the throne and establishes himself as ruler of England. During a long era of splendor and happiness this doom is lost sight of; but its presence is somehow felt as a dark background. Then comes the climax of the tragic story—the search for the Holy Grail. From this point the "sorrow at the heart of things" is uppermost. The knights forget their vows and split up into factions, Arthur is defeated and the glorious order of the "Table Round" is broken forever. So far are the two treatments similar; even the names are unchanged.

In order to show the difference between Malory's work and Tennyson's, the ground of comparison must be what both treatments have in common; then will appear the diversity of their handling. One of the first points of difference noted is the treatment of masculine virginity. According to Malory this state is higher than the married state. In it a man reaches the summit of human perfection. His treatment of Sir Galahad is sufficient to show his attitude on this point. Galahad is the perfect man physically and morally, and his perfection is due to the very splendor of his purity. Next to him ranks Sir Percival for the same reason. A notable feature in Malory is his treatment of the monks. They are all splendid characters living solely to help others for the honor and glory of God. There is no mourning, no complaining; they are perfectly satisfied with their state.

In Tennyson, however, there is a difference of treatment at this point. He evidently did not think that the life of virginity was the perfect one. Commenting on this fact Sir Edward Starchey says: "The ideal marriage,

in its relation and contrasts to all other forms of love and chastity, is brought out in every form, rising at last to tragic grandeur in the 'Idylls of the King.' It is not in celibacy, though it be as spiritual and holy as that of Galahad or Percival, but in marriage, as the highest and purest realization of the ideal of human conditions and relations, that we are to rise above temptations of a love like that of Lancelot, or even that of Elaine: and Malory's book does not set this ideal of life before us with any power or clearness." Now the Catholic attitude is this: marriage is holy and high, but virginity is holier and higher still. Virginity does not mean the merely negative state of being unmarried; but virginity means in man the keeping, in St. Paul's word, of the vessel of the flesh in honor, never willfully suffering it to be stained. Not all are called to this height of virtue, but those who are, and who consecrate their virginity by a religious vow, are in a higher state than they who marry. There is reason to believe that Tennyson's idea is far from this. Galahad is made almost a phantom. He is a superhuman in the spiritual sense and not a real flesh and blood creature such as the Galahad of Malory. Nor are the monks in Tennyson worthy examples of the ideal of celibate life as we have been considering it. Fancy one of Malory's monks, saying:

For we that want the warmth of double life,  
We that are plagued with dreams of something sweet  
Beyond all sweetness in a life so rich....

The vows of the knights are stated thus:

I made them lay their hands in mine and swear  
To reverence the King as if he were  
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,  
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,  
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,  
To speak no slander; no, nor listen to it,  
To honor his own word as if his God's;  
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,  
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
And worship her by years of noble deeds  
Until they won her.....

Even these vows are a heavy yoke to the knights of Tennyson's creation. They apparently took the vows when in the heat of enthusiasm and then repented the act for the rest of their lives. Tristram blames the vows for his downfall in a fierce tirade against them and Arthur. Another knight calls Arthur "the eunuch-hearted King." Tristram says:

He seemed to me no man,

But Michael trampling Satan, so I swore  
Being amazed, but this went by.....

Even Dagonet, the fool, holds this idea, for he says, speaking of Arthur:

Ay, ay, my brother fool, the king of fools,  
Conceits himself that he can make  
Figs out of thistles, silk out of bristles, milk  
From burning spurge, honey from hornet's combs,  
And men from beasts—long live the king of fools.

Arthur, "the perfect knight," who kept his vows inviolate, is treated as a very ethereal character, scarce human in all respects. "Man! Is he man at all?" says Tristram on one occasion, and on another he speaks of Arthur as follows:

Had Arthur right to bind them to himself?  
Dropp'd down from heaven? wash'd up from the deep?  
They failed to trace him through the flesh and blood  
Of our old kings: whence then a doubtful lord  
To bind them by inviolate vows  
Which flesh and blood perforce would violate?

This last quotation shows not only Tristram's attitude toward the vows but also the air of mystery surrounding Arthur.

In Malory the treatment of the knightly vows is altogether different. The knights seldom mention them and never complain of them. The evil is not in the vows but in the breaking them. There is not even a suggestion that they are more than flesh and blood can bear.

Aside from the ordinary vows taken by the knights there are also the vows taken at the opening of the quest of the Sangreal. This conquest marks the beginning of the climax in both treatments and, therefore, holds an important place in the legends. Tennyson and Malory appear more similar in the treatment of the Holy Grail than in any other part of the tragedy. In spite of this similarity, however, there is a noticeable difference even here. In Malory the Holy Grail seems more real than in Tennyson. From it the knights receive not only the inspiration to start out on a dangerous quest, but also the strength to sustain them in it. Malory says that the knights were fed from the Sangreal before starting on their "high emprise." To them the Holy Grail was more real, and it meant more to the knights of Catholic England than it did to those of Tennyson's time. The latter treats the Holy Grail in a very beautiful manner, yet his treatment lacks something of the strength of Malory's. The reflection is forced upon one that in the interval separating Malory

and Tennyson the Real Presence became—to use a striking antithesis of Mgr. Benson's—the Real Absence in the churches of England and in the hearts of Englishmen.

The difference between the two conclusions is the most marked of all. Tennyson leaves the reader with Arthur gone, the knights dispersed, and the queen in the monastery. Malory concludes his with poetic justice, and the end really makes the book what it is. In Tennyson, Arthur, "the faultless knight," alone suffers for his sins. There is no readjustment; the real villains disappear with their sins unpunished. Malory, on the other hand, disposes of all his characters. In the first place, Arthur is treated as a human being in that he is brought back to a hermitage for burial and does not simply disappear over the horizon in a mysterious barge. Sir Lancelot shows his true manhood; when he hears Arthur is dead, he is really sorry, for he sees that he was the cause of all Arthur's troubles. He finds the queen at Almesbury as a holy nun, doing penance for her sins. Then he goes to the Archbishop of Canterbury and joins a religious order that he may spend the remainder of his life in prayer and penance. He brings with him seven of his fellow-knights, and they spend their lives as penitent priests, "doing bodily all manner of service." The other knights go to the Holy Land where they "did many battles upon the miscreants and Turks. And there they died upon a Good Friday for God's sake."

We have seen the divergence of treatment in these two authors on the subject of virginity, the religious life and the Holy Eucharist. The natural conclusion in view of these facts is that the real difference between the two treatments is the Catholic spirit. It is evident, even to a casual reader, that Malory was a Catholic. Some have said that he was a priest. There is scarcely a page that does not refer to the Mass or to some other purely Catholic ceremony. While it is out of place here to discuss the comparative morality of the two books, a word should be said in defense of Malory against the wholesale condemnation of Ascham and others, especially in view of the fact that the Catholic version should be highly moral. If a man sins, as all men do, is it not better to have him do penance, as Lancelot did in "Le Morte D'Arthur," than to have him simply disappear as he did in the

"Idylls of the King?" Malory's knights sinned, and everyone who did suffered for it. Sin is the opposing force in Malory's tragic study. It overcame the heroes physically but not spiritually. Impossible vows constitute the opposing force of the "Idylls." In regard to Malory's very plain diction, he was perhaps too blunt for the ear of so-called modern culture, yet when one gets below the veneer of poetic diction, Tennyson is speaking of the same sins that Malory was, and Malory had a very limited vocabulary with which to express his thoughts. No one says that the Scriptures are immoral, yet for a plain presentation of facts, the Scriptures are even more blunt than Malory. Had Malory stopped where Tennyson did, his book would have been lower in moral tone than Tennyson's. Then, too, the preface is to be considered—was the book intended to teach or even to be taken literally? The following selection from Caxton's preface will show the moral tone of the book, it will emphasize that Catholic spirit which made "Le Morte D'Arthur," in spite of its humble prose treatment, the most harmonious version of the Arthurian legends:

"For herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue and sin. Go after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renown, and for to pass the time this book shall be pleasant to read in, but for to give faith and belief that all is true that is contained herein, ye be at your liberty: but all is written for our doctrine, and for to beware that we fall not to vice nor sin but to exercise and follow virtue, by the which we may come and attain to good fame and renown in this life, and after this short and transitory life to come unto everlasting bliss in heaven; the which He grant us that reigneth in heaven, the Blessed Trinity."

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#### Across the Bay.

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A whispering of the waves along the sands,  
A distant sail, a wind that stirs the reeds  
A circling rush of gulls from faint headlands  
When noiseless night to troubled day succeeds.

Like this the days may dim when Death shall claim  
My aimless life out of the world's vast deep.  
O then, heart strong in God, and with His Name  
Sealing my lips shall I lie down to sleep. S. S.

## Over the Telephone.

BY SHERWOOD DIXON.

"Hello, Gladys!"

"Why, how do you do, Arthur?"

"I'm feeling fine. Say, you're looking swell."

"Flatterer. Am I really?"

"I should say you are. That new switch is just the right shade."

"That's small town stuff. Quit kidding."

"Who's kidding?"

"You're kidding."

"I'm not kidding."

"Yes, you are. I never wore a switch in my life."

"Oh, well, if that's the case, I take it all back. But it really is becoming. Say, where have you been? I haven't seen you in a war of a time."

"What do you mean, a war of a time?"

"Why, don't you remember what General Sherman said war was?"

"No. Who was General Sherman?"

"He was the fellow that marched through Georgia from Atlanta to the sea."

"Oh! that reminds me. Have you seen Georgia Marshall since she returned from Paris?"

"Yes, I saw her this morning."

"Isn't she stunning?"

"Stunning?—she's paralyzing."

"What's the matter—don't you care for her any more?"

"No. Not any more."

"I thought you were engaged to her?"

"I was, once."

"What made you break the engagement?"

"Oh, I didn't like her father. The old tight wad! He doesn't care any more for a nickel than he does for his right eye."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, I do, and besides, he said something to me that I didn't like."

"What did he tell you?"

"Oh, he just said: 'Get out of here, and don't come back.' So I've snubbed him ever since."

"Well, for goodness' sake—Oh! there's my car. Good-bye, Arthur, come and see me some time."

"You bet I will. Good-bye."

## Mother.

BY JOHN URBAN RILEY.

Sweet is your name, Mother,  
As notes that fall upon my ear  
Like music, from the soul so clear  
Of some great genius.  
I whisper it, and soft it plays  
In sighing tunes, old nursery lays,  
Upon my heart-strings.

Sweet are your charms, Mother,  
As odors from a garden fair,  
Where grow the blossoms, wondrous rare,  
So pure and beautiful.  
Beyond the power of words to sing,  
Of joys to mind and eye they bring,  
Like old-world treasures.

Sweet is your love, Mother,  
That rises from your heart to mine,  
Like incense from some holy shrine  
Where I do worship.  
It makes me want to pray, and brings  
A wish for all the higher things,  
That God has made us.

## In the Spring.

BY MYRON PARROT.

Spring harbingers appear in as many guises and places as bad luck, tango dancers or unfortunate relatives. In the country the blossoming meadows, the robins—but who wants to hear all that again? Our auricular organs have suffered so long the spring signs of the country that we have never suspected such vernal symptoms appearing in the city. But they do.

Spring, along the wheedling way, is harbingered by the Balmacaan, the tango-red-tailor-made; the flash of silk-clad ankles at the curb, and in the shop windows by Easter hats, garden tools, refrigerators. Everywhere we meet harbingers, harbingers of spring, sad, sacred, sentimental spring, cheerful, charming, caressing spring, spring sceptred in regalia, spring, with the splendor of a Siamese satrap.

Spring, in the city! The season of rising rivers, kisses, cupids, and heightening hopes! Wallets, theatre crowds and molasses growing

thinner, afternoon dresses and grandmother's funeral excuses becoming diaphanous, amusement parks, rosebuds and human hearts opening for the season—verily, spring comes to the city, not without a thousand signs.

One lamb-complexioned March afternoon, a Harbinger stood on the corner of Calhoun and Baker streets. He was unquestionably a sign of spring, a prophecy, a reality, all the way from his rubber soles to his disk-brimmed Chalfont. From his right arm hung a champagne colored cane; from his left hand a miniature travelling bag. His poise was perfect. He may have been anything from a glove drummer to the Duke of York. We only know he was a Harbinger and we are satisfied.

He stood there expectantly, doubtfully (he had waited there before), perhaps two minutes, and luckily it came. A sign above the front bay window remarked that it was on its way to Lakeside Park. He hailed it and climbed aboard. A brass-buttoned, emery-voiced, rubber-collared gentleman dropped the nickel in a bank, which hung from his belt. Even the best conductors occasionally make the same mistake.

The car was crowded. The Harbinger gazed about him, his eyes passing quickly over the cargo—a German grocer, fat, flush and friendly; a preacher, a sleepy superfluity of feminine flesh, a man grey haired, with a spiked mustache, two gossiping old maids, three laughing shop girls, an interested messenger boy, a serious, sober, stupid mother, her six-year son, a smiling and indulgent stranger—and then he saw her. She occupied exactly two-fifths of the only unfilled seat. He adjusted himself carefully, discriminately into the remaining three-fifths. A magazine claimed her attention. He moved his eyes toward her and his heart moved with them. Her dress was sombre-drab, chosen, most likely, to moderate her startling beauty, but it only served to enhance it. Attempting a mental inventory of her features, he found his voluble vocabulary a hindrance. His superlatives became weak-kneed. She had the richest, most beautiful, lustrous golden hair, long dark lashes, the deepest and truest blue eyes—but that is the way they are all described. And she was different.

Suddenly he remembered that it was impolite to stare, and, accordingly, glanced toward the other passengers. All were occupied; they had the street-car habit. There were three

newspapers and a book among them, and they were all reading. The indulgent stranger was absorbed in the primer, which the six-year boy held open with interesting pretence. A pretty red-haired shop girl avidly devoured the daily quota of stock market, while an obliging gentleman waited for her to finish the column before turning to another page. The nervous old man with spiked mustache was heard to ask the spinster behind him if she would prefer to hold the paper herself, but no one noticed. All were busily engaged in pilfering the news.

The Harbinger directed his glance toward the girl at his side, to find her face barricaded behind the magazine. He moved himself higher and looked over her shoulder. The story's title, "Love and Springtime," by Carlyle Carleton, startled him. Through the open window, he gazed at the swiftly passing street. Dandelions, gang-fights and fireproof buildings were springing up in vacant lots. Signs of spring were everywhere—he could not escape them. He knew that the season, the busy season, for Cupid and for hack drivers, had come, and with it love—and the object of his love.

Delightfully, the Harbinger realized that the girl was glancing in his direction with accumulating frequency. He caught one more glimpse of her face, and began thinking out some scheme to strike up an acquaintance. Not wishing to be seen staring at nothing in particular, he drew a book, a small volume of the "Rubaiyat," from his pocket. He opened it hazardly and chanced upon the verse,

Come fill the cup and in the fire of spring  
That winter garment of repentance fling.

Somehow, as if by intuition, he became aware that she had laid aside the magazine and was reading the verse with him. Giving her time to read the page, he closed the book, and looked squarely in her face.

"May I see your magazine a moment?" he asked.

"Certainly," she smiled, a million dollars worth of pink rushing to her cheeks.

Taking the book from her, he unclosed it, and found "Love and Springtime."

"Is this story good?" he asked curiously.

"Yes," she answered, "very good—though perhaps I should not say it. You see, my brother wrote it."

He displayed astonishment.



"Your brother wrote it? Why, is Carlyse Carleton your brother?"

"Of course he is, and I am quite proud of him, though I really wish he were not so famous and busy. He is away from home so—but here, we're already at the park. I must leave."

The Harbinger wanted to ask if he might accompany her, but could not mobilize the courage. She, however, must have read his expression.

"You may walk along if you like," her voice came full and deliberate, like a violin solo.

He smiled his gratitude and, with her, left the car.

They walked silently through the park, past the first lagoons and across the rustic bridges. Children, lawn sprays and grind-organs were playing in the park and along the Boulevard. Truly, the signs were everywhere.

Finally the girl challenged the silence.

"I suppose you wonder that I, the sister of Carlyse Carleton should be riding in the street-cars, but really it is nothing. You see, I get that from Carl. He always rides in the cars, and mixes with the common people as much as possible. That is how he gets his stories. Why, in this 'Love and Springtime,' he speaks of the romance of the streets, where princes and beggars rub elbows, and are pals, and can scarcely be told apart. I never use my motors except when on a call or in a hurry."

"And is your brother often gone?" asked the Harbinger.

"Yes, he is so busy, and I, too, am busy. You see, since mother and father died, and left that mammoth house for Carl and me alone, we have so much to look after. But we have most of it closed up, and keep only one servant beside the chauffeur and gardener."

They had passed through the park, and were now climbing Carleton Heights, from the summit of which, sombrous and alone, the Carleton house looked down upon the smaller mansions of the Boulevards. About the house, and on all sides lay a beautiful cluster hung garden with fountains, arbors, statues, while on the lawn were fallen flowers so close that one could not have walked without crushing them. Here truly was a garden of the gods. A Cleopatra or a Helen might have lingered there.

Neither spoke more until they had come to

the high, uplifted iron gates. He seemed to be lost in thought, and she watched his face to note the impression the mansion made upon him.

"I must leave you now," she said, "but wish to thank you first for accompanying me. This has been an interesting afternoon. I become so tired and bored with the gentlemen of society, and have often longed to converse with a real man, a man of the common people—like you. But I must go now; I have scarcely time to dress for dinner."

He touched her extended hand. It was soft, very soft, like velvet, or a barber's hand.

"Good-bye," she said.

"I shall remember you always," he answered simply.

The girl walked down the straight elm-shaded drive, which led to the house, her hat in hand. He started toward the park, but suddenly crouched behind the hedge and peered through the dense shrubbery. She stood on the front steps and looked back. The sun split its diamond brilliance into her light golden hair giving it an unbelievable lustre.

The Harbinger cautiously watched her until walking around the house, she entered a door near the rear. In halting seconds, he counted the minutes—one, two three, three of them,—then moved swiftly toward the mansion and up the great stone steps. He touched the door-knob: it turned. The door—a high mahogany one set in lintels of stone—opened. He entered and stood silently, listening. From somewhere above came the strains of "Aba Daba" in sweet melodious contralto. Noiselessly up the stairs he moved, and toward the singer. Through an open door the figure of a girl could be seen before a deep-set dormer window. He crept up behind her, clasped her in his arms, and rained kisses upon her eyes, her cheeks, her lips. She struggled and came free. Pushing tresses of raven black from her eyes, she cried joyously,

"Why Carl from where and when did—"

"Just in from Chicago on the Flier, and Sis, where and when did you find that new kitchen mechanic?"

THE great mystery of the Communion of Saints does not allow us to believe ourselves alone here on earth; it surrounds us with the spirits of the blessed, and with those that are dear to us.—*Ozanam.*

## Varsity Verse.

## GOOD NIGHT.

KISS me good night—the day has been too long  
 And I from happiness have weary grown:  
 The music of your voice has made me faint,  
 I long to lock me in and be alone—  
 Kiss me good night.

Kiss me good night—the first red dart of dawn  
 That trails its golden fire into the west  
 Will find me dreaming of the days that were  
 When your young heart was beating in my breast,—  
 Kiss me good night.

Kiss me good night—and when the final dusk  
 Shall spread its gentle shadows over me,  
 There may I sleep in solitude and peace,  
 Remembering the day was spent for thee—  
 Kiss me good night.

J. Wittenberg.

## MEMORIES.

Soft as the sighing of the summer wind,  
 And sweet as springtime's roses in the dawn,  
 Your mellow music lingers with me long,  
 Waking wild memories when you are gone.

Over the rugged roughness of the rocks  
 Where silver sprays are sleeping in the sun,  
 I hear the rising ripple of your laugh  
 And know another morning has begun.

And when the last flame flickers in the west,  
 When snowy summits robe in gorgeous gold,  
 I hear the echo of your evening song  
 Across the voiceless valley sweetly rolled.

Set the wide world between us—it is naught,  
 Sail over sunken seas for ages long,  
 Still are you sleeping by the mountain side  
 Where all the woods are ringing with your song.

Howard O'Neill.

## LONGING.

Sweet Spring grew cold and ashen when you died  
 And all her fairest blossoms fell like tears,  
 The sun behind a cloud of mourning hid,  
 Afraid to look adown the changing years;  
 And I who was so happy when you smiled  
 Lay down half sobbing like a weary child.

Once more Spring's cheeks with roses may be red,  
 The music of her voice may sound again,  
 The sun may scatter diamonds o'er the earth  
 After the sombre clouds outweep their rain,  
 But I am ever peering toward the West  
 Longing to go to you,—to be at rest.

Francis Fox.

## IN AFTER YEARS.

We two who wander hand in hand to school  
 Carefree and full of joy,  
 Feel that we shall be ever as to-day,  
 A happy maid and boy.

We do not know the different roads we tread,  
 In that dim future vast,  
 Will tear us from each other's longed-for smile  
 And bring us tears at last.

If you could peer across the tide of life  
 You should grow weak and faint,  
 But you would pour your treasure's forth to-day  
 To me without complaint.

If I but knew that in a distant hour  
 Your song would pass away,  
 How I should still the world to catch each faint,  
 Sweet warble of to-day.

We two who wander through this happy morn  
 And are so thoughtless now,  
 Will weep because the one we love is gone  
 When age has crowned our brow.

R. Hannon.

## TO GRETCHEN.

No clouds there were when you were true;  
 The world was bright and skies were blue;  
 My life, a paradise of dreams,  
 And all the dreams were dreams of you.  
 But now no more the world is bright;  
 For sorrow comes with grim despair,  
 Engulfs my soul in deadly blight  
 And turns the light to darkness there.

W. Coker.

## CONTENT.

I do not care how dark the night may be,  
 Or if the dawn that follow it be grey,  
 If only I may rest beneath your smile  
 And be with you to-day.

I do not care how steep the hills may rise  
 Nor fear the thorns that pierce, the stones that  
 bruise,  
 If you but beam upon me for this hour  
 My goal I cannot lose.

I do not care how soon the end may come,  
 Nor whether my last breath bring joy or tears,  
 This moment is forever in my heart  
 To bridge the distant years.

Will Henry.

## The Drama and Journalism.

BY RAY M. HUMPHREYS.

The Drama and Journalism are somewhat akin, in so far as they are both the outcome of civilization and the followers as well as the makers of public sentiment. The Drama evolved itself from a literary chaos when the world was young, at a moment when civilization had been barely established, yet we soon find it reflecting the glories and the defects of the life of those ancient times, soon molding the public mind, though not always for the public weal. We find it satirizing and criticizing, approving and condemning, until its pretensions became efficacious enough to constitute it a powerful factor in natural existence and national life. A monstrous weapon for evil or a mighty instrument for good, as the creator willed. Drama so typed itself as to appeal directly to the audience, sometimes to the higher classes with examples of patriotism, godliness, and self-sacrifice, but oftener to the lower masses with degenerating delineations of bloodshed and lustful passion non-elevating and certainly demoralizing. There were two sides to the early drama, as there are to every question, a good side and of course a bad one. Journalism can be said to rest on the same democratic basis.

To the modern world the newspaper is what the stage was to an earlier generation,—it wields a powerful influence, an influence for good or evil which can scarcely be exaggerated. The press enacts its own laws and exacts its tribute from every city and from every family. It has faculties of approach and abilities of persuasion beyond those of a Catholic priest or a Protestant pastor, and none, religious or irreligious, intelligent or ignorant, can free himself from its potent spell. When that charm is ennobling, the power of its good is beyond calculation, and when it is bad, when its morals are lax or openly vicious, the community naturally becomes just as salacious. In plainer phrase, the press to-day holds the balance of power in the commercial, political, religious, and social life of the world, as its predecessor, the Drama, did in the days prior to the advent of the printing press and the movable type.

The substitution of the modern journal for

the ancient drama has been a very gradual one. Further, unlike most revolutions, it has been accomplished naturally and without strife of any sort. The two have in fact long worked together in perfect harmony, the growing press and the decaying drama, assisting each other, aiding each other, as if they both realized their proximity of relationship. The modern newspaper is the staunch upholder of the Drama, and always has been. Without its support the Drama would fall to pieces, shattered on the altar of public indifference. On the other hand, had not the Drama paved a way from the very beginning for the present-day press, it is really doubtful whether the newspaper could have developed as rapidly as it has. By this mutual assistance they have builded better than they knew, the master has nurtured the pupil until the pupil has become strong enough to protect the master,—and therein lurks an omnipresent fault. Will that strength result in good or evil?

The literature of any land is always partially defective. The form and the style may be excellent, but the subject-matter can not always be said to be ideal. Exposition of immorality has ever been the worst fault of universal literature. The writings of the ancients carried this stigma, and modernists have not been slow in recognizing how remunerative vice really is to the promoter of it. The world of French fiction and Drama is thus tainted, hardly can an item of French work be read without a realization of this truth. The French drama, in the parlance of the streets, is actually rotten. But strange to say, the journalism of that same country is comparatively clean and wholesome. It is American journalism that must bear the ignominy of shame as far as bad taste is concerned. This may be blamed on the nervous temperament of the American people. As a nation we are the most excitable people on earth, barring none. We crave for sensation, we demand the unique and the extraordinary in our everyday lives. The Journalist, with his finger on the public pulse, must satisfy that inane passion to the best of his ability. He must please in order to exist. With the Drama it is otherwise. Drama has been so long established that it has become systemized, well-polished,—and highly developed, so that it does not depend so much on popular taste as it does on the recognized rules of play-writing. Journalism has as yet



hardly had the time to discover itself and rectify its own blunders. It came in as a profession as late as the end of the 18th century. Since then, it has legislated a set of ethics for its own guidance, but laxity has been met with leniency until little is accomplished by these so-called laws. Individually, however, the profession of Journalism is as much and as essentially a gentleman's work as is the more sedate art of the Drama.

A careful comparison of the two lines of effort will prove that both have produced their champions; both have brought forth men who have become world famous. The Horace Greeleys and the Thomas Keeleys of to-day can recognize their prototypes in the Æschylus and the Sophocles of yesterday. Peering above all military and commercial heroes, stand, and stood, these men. The creators of heroes, they have never bowed to their own handiwork. Unlimited has been the field in both enterprises. Thousands have tried their fortunes at both occupations, and those who have risen from the ranks of the mediocre have simultaneously attained the realms of fame. Success has crowned the efforts of but few. Success to the Dramatist means praise from the Press, while success to the latter is reckoned in public patronage. No matter what a paper may stand for, no matter what its editorial policy may be, it is the result of public demand. The drama, and its mission, is a direct consequence of long centuries of civilization, and not the child of fad nor fancy.

Drama is written by the genius born to the mighty task, while Journalism is concocted by the man trained to the work. The Dramatist has a deal of poetry in his soul inbred, while the Journalist deals in hard, cold facts. Both are brothers in delineating interesting stories, and both must be students of human nature. While the past occupies the playwright, the present concerns the news-writer; one characterizes humanity, the other caters to it. Both are united in requiring a ready pen, a quick wit, and a clear, strong style. In developing their work the Dramatist can employ argumentation and dialogue, while narration and description are the meagre topics upon which the Journalist must build his fame. The heart throb of the stage devolves into the heart sob of the press, but the latter may be just as appealing as the former.

Any attempt to elevate either above the other

would be ruinous and really impossible. There are thousands of intense lovers of the Drama, just as there are thousands of newspaper enthusiasts, and both factions would claim superiority for their favorite. The Drama is certainly the most thrilling to the average person, while the newspaper is the most interesting. Then again, the press can please anyone because of its various component parts, while the Drama has but one general theme, divided into tragedy or comedy, as the case may be. The element of curiosity,—a powerful factor,—abounds in the paper. We know not what we are to read when we pick it up. With the Drama it is different. Most playgoers know the story of the better Dramas before they see them, as nearly every high school student knows "Hamlet" or "Macbeth," and seeing the play is but reviewing the book.

Probably the final point to be considered in this comparison is the extension of both arts, not taking the term in the philosopher's meaning, but using it in regard to dissemination. The press is extended mainly because of its universal appeal,—it makes all classes one and speaks to them in a manner comprehended by all,—it caters to no certain clique. Drama, however, is conspicuously deficient in such an attribute. Generally it appeals to a very narrow circle of people,—those who have the inclination and the price. Comparatively few people attend an opera or a drama for the good that is in it; their presence results more from custom or habit than from desire. Some go to exhibit themselves to the hundreds of other vain creatures there for the same purpose; others to show their jewels, exploit their gowns, and for various other fashionable motives. But who ever heard of a lady snatching up a newspaper in order to be in style, or when did a news-writer ever belong to the blue-blooded "400" or the pink labeled "57"?

Concluding, it might be apropos to remark that the Drama is now unquestionably dependent upon Journalism for its successful continuance. Though admitting Journalism as the more commonplace, we are bound to hail it as the most powerful. Civilization was the mother of both these branches of literature, and Drama sold its birthright when it aroused those human interests which eventually terminated in the establishment of the press. To-day Journalism shines a world power, and Drama is but its satellite.

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—France still regards with fear the so-called "Catholic peril" to the nation. Years ago, when atheism first gained control of the government, the religious

The Catholic Peril. orders were expelled from the country, Catholic property was confiscated, Catholic schools were closed, Catholic principles were desecrated, and Catholic institutions were destroyed. The people, blinded to the perfidy of their government, permitted this tragedy to occur. Recently when Paris, shocked with terror at the imminence of the German approach, when the fate of the entire nation was at stake, France cried out for aid. Nor were the people slow to heed its appeal. New regiments were recruited without delay. Catholics, passing over the many wrongs inflicted upon them, and ever mindful only of their innate love for their native country, poured into the ranks in which they were already a majority. Priests, leaving their parishes, accompanied them to the perils of war. Already, notes *America*, "the names of seventeen priests killed in action, have been reported." Sisters appeared in every portion of the field to administer to the wounded and dying. Will France soon forget these deeds of bravery and self-sacrifice? Will that government of materialists and false philosophers continue to so sedulously foster the spirit of undying enmity toward Catholicism? The refusal of the government to take official cognizance of the national prayer for peace offered up at the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris gives but little hope of a speedy recession from its position. In that hour of greatest

peril thousands fell on their knees and prayed to their Maker for mercy. The shallowness of skeptical doctrines and hypocritical philosophy was then revealed as the people turned from their absurdities to find true relief in God. Will France read the writing on the wall? Will she recognize that a nation cannot live and truly prosper unless built on the real and absolute principle of justice? If she learns soon that the Catholic Church is not an institution to be conspired against, that Catholicism stands ever for right government, the terrible strife now ensuing will not be too costly,—the great war will not be in vain.

## A Bensonian Letter.

The universal regret evinced for the death of Mgr. Benson is perhaps sufficient warrant for the publication of the following letter which, in its kindly spirit, as in its phrasing, is typically Bensonian. On the occasion of the distinguished author's visit to Notre Dame in April last, he was presented with an autographed copy of a local book, "Priestly Practice." Some weeks later, he wrote from England:—

MY DEAR FATHER O'NEILL,

I have read your book with great delight. And what I like about it so particularly is the *sanity* of it, if I may say so. It is so splendidly practical on what, after all, does make an immense difference—bodily health; and on what comes almost next to it, odd time and energy. I imagine it is largely through stupidity or carelessness about things like these that mischief so often begins.

If I may dare to say so, there is one thing I don't agree with; and, truly, I don't think I am a crank about it—viz: preparation for preaching. I hold most *violently* that even the youngest priest ought never to write out his sermon, even at the beginning of his ministry—in fact that a sermon meant to be spoken ought not to be written. Of course I agree that in the seminary it is excellent to write essays, meditations, etc., but these should not be delivered even before the students. The spoken and the written word seem to me simply different vehicles. I have a plan by which, I think, any young priest, *if he will take the pains*, can learn very soon to be a tolerable preacher, without writing. All this, however, is beside the point.

I like the book immensely; and I believe it will be of real service to priests, and hence to innumerable souls.

Please remember me most cordially to the Fathers. I look back with such pleasure to my visit to Notre Dame and to the extraordinary kindness shown me there. *Oremus pro invicem.*

Ever yours sincerely in Christ,

R. HUGH BENSON.

### Excursion to the Carlisle Game.

The Faculty have consented to permit the students of the University to attend the Notre Dame-Carlisle Game at Chicago, on Nov. 14.

A special train will leave South Bend at 8:30 A. M., and returning will leave Chicago at 8:15 P. M. To make this trip written permission must be secured from home and presented to the Prefect of Discipline by November 12th.

*No money will be advanced by the University.* Money for expenses to the game must be sent specially for this purpose to the Students' Office or remitted directly to the student. The Lake Shore will make a rate of \$3.50 for the round-trip. Admission to the game will be fifty cents for students of the University. A special rate will be secured for meals in a good hotel.

### Concert by Mr. Cecil Fanning.

The song recital given in Washington Hall last Saturday night by Mr. Cecil Fanning taxes one's powers of restraint in appreciating it. And yet overpraise would but do it injustice. Mr. Fanning is a genius, if there is meaning yet left in the word. His voice is a gift of the gods. It is a baritone that can answer any demand of emotional matter or musical flexure, within its proper range, that is equally at home in the singing tongues of North and South and their varied dialects. United to this Mr. Fanning has a personality radiant with sympathy and controlled by intellect. There was never a moment in the wide and fresh range of lyric and dramatic selections which he liberally offered when his art was less than masterful. Even this college audience, whose knowledge of French and German stops the hither side of familiarity, thrilled and shuddered under the spell of this singer's rare power.

In the absence of programs, Mr. Fanning announced and briefly interpreted his numbers. This proved a happy circumstance, particularly effective with such an offering as "The Earl King," which was, perhaps, the highest point of the artist's dramatic achievement, though for sheer terror Mr. Fanning's rendering of "Edward, Edward" leaves appreciation dumb. By comparison, the modern "Play-boy" becomes but a tawdry horror.

Mr. Fanning was accompanied at the piano by Miss Gleason, whose work at all times was

faultlessly fine. All in all, this concert was an event, and it is a pleasure to record that its appreciation by the student audience was generous and sincere. It only proves that when the gods approach the half-gods go.

### Personals.

—A caller at the University on Tuesday last was Mr. E. M. Newman, well-known to most of the students by reason of his series of travel-talks given at Notre Dame for several years.

—John Hood (LL. B. '14) is in business with his father in Pocatello, Idaho, and we are certain that he is making good, now that he has severed connections with the "Blood and Wonder" Society.

—Walter Focke, student of a few years ago, visited the University last week and has not changed much since he played centre on the Wolves. He was the only centre "Joey" Perrung, the quarterback, could run under without ducking.

—George Philbrook, Olympic man, N. D. athlete and half a dozen other things, is working with Lacey in the same company. Let us hope Phil doesn't get so interested in insurance that he forgets that the Olympic games are going to include the all-around championship in the events.

—From the *Lima Gazette* of September 10, 1889, the following item was reprinted the other day: "Quite a number of Lima boys will enter Notre Dame University this fall, among them being Brice Freeman, Archie Leonard, Harry Hull and Cliff Roberts." Archie Leonard is at present director of the Devonia Oil Co. at Lima, Ohio.

—Hugh Lacey, a member of the '16 class, is working for the Petis Gartland Insurance Company, Portland, Oregon, while waiting for an opening in the newspaper line. The place of Hugh's start doesn't surprise us a bit and neither does the occupation, for Hugh liked to argue. We hope, however, he doesn't give up his poetry, for we had counted on him to beat Whitcomb Riley out of his place on the first team.

—The marriage of Hallie Victoria Boucher to Mr. Frank C. Walker, '09, is announced to take place on Wednesday morning, Nov. 11, at St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Butte, Montana. Frank was a member of the debating team while at Notre Dame and was a great

favorite with the students. We offer him and his bride our congratulations and best wishes.

—An announcement was received by Fred Mahaffey last week which read: "Mr. Joseph M. Byrne, Jr., wishes to announce that he is now associated with Jos. M. Byrne Co., General insurance agents, 776 Broad St., Newark, N. J. Your patronage is respectfully solicited." Then down in the left hand corner it said: "Jos. M. Byrne, Jr. asst. sec'y-treas.," but we do not think he likes the job for down in the right hand corner it read: "Telephone 1740 'Rawsberry.'" But still he might have had that printed after the Yale game.

### Local News.

—The SCHOLASTIC scribes are cordially invited to page all their MSS.

—After last Saturday's scores, we must adopt an attitude of forgiveness toward that Conference crowd that cheered for Yale when our misfortune was announced at the Chicago-Iowa game on the 17th.

—The new Notre Dame Post Office is completed and all business is being transacted again in the famous post office corner which bears no resemblance to the one of former days. The building is a worthy example of the small post office architecture. The beauty of the surroundings has been enhanced by the planting of landscape shrubbery under the supervision of Brother Philip.

—The Notre Dame council, Knights of Columbus, held its election of officers last Tuesday evening in the Council Chambers. The following were elected: Grand Knight, E. S. Dickens; Deputy Grand Knight, Edward Flynn; Chancellor, Thomas Hearn; Advocate, James Riddle; Warden, John Mangan; Treasurer, Robert Roach; Financial Secretary, Joseph F. Smith; Recording Secretary, J. A. McCarthy; Inside Guard, Albert Kuhle; Outside Guard, Austin McNichols. The trustees elected were: Rev. M. A. Quinlan, C. S. C., William Case, and James E. Sanford, to serve three, two, and one years respectively. A committee was appointed for the exemplification of the first degree, to occur before the Christmas vacation.

—H. W. Clarke, football expert and writer for the *Indiana Daily Times*, gives Notre Dame the premier position in western football, so far. He says: "The showing of the Notre Dame

eleven proves them representative in the West. Nebraska won a great victory over the Michigan Aggies by a 24-0 score. Nebraska was tied by South Dakota and Notre Dame won a one-sided game from that team (33-0). The Aggies were defeated by Michigan by only 3-0. Therefore, by the comparative score route, it looks as if Notre Dame has by far a stronger team than either Yost's machine or the Michigan Aggies'."

Far be it from us to be vain

Or yet, to indulge in a boast,

But we smile at that Syracuse plain

That was plowed by the darlings of Yost.

### Brownson Literary and Debating.

The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held an informal smoker last Sunday evening, which by those present was generally conceded to be an unparalleled success, and one of the finest of its kind in the annals of the society.

Mr. Don S. Mulholland, president of the organization, acted as toastmaster for the occasion, and the brilliant and witty remarks for which Mr. Mulholland is so justly famous, brought the house down, time after time, in the introduction of the speakers.

The Rev. Father Walsh was on the program for the evening, but much to the regret of the members, his duties called him away shortly after the affair started.

The founder and present director of the society, Brother Alphonsus, was the speaker of the evening. The subject of his discourse was serious literature, and in the course of his talk, he gave a reading from Robert Louis Stevenson's famous "Open Letter to Dr. Hyde in Defense of Father Damien." This was very ably rendered and well appreciated by those present.

Following Brother Alphonsus was one whose reputation as an after-dinner speaker, although not nation-wide in its extent, is well-known to the students of Notre Dame, Brother Hugh. The humorous remarks for which he was sponsor completely succeeded in dispelling whatever of gloom remained after that terrible defeat in the battle of New Haven.

Among others to respond to the toastmaster were Andrew McDonough with an able rendition of Tom Daly's "National Bird of Ireland," Leonard Carroll, who was greatly applauded for the singing of two Irish songs; Harold Wildman

with James Whitcomb Riley's masterpiece, "That Old Sweetheart of Mine;" Robert Byrnes who successfully imitated the Immortal Donovan in his favorite selection, "If I Were King;" and William Henry whose rendition of an old but beautiful selection, entitled, "The Soul of the Violin," was conceded one of the highest places on the program. The affair was concluded by the toastmaster with a very apropos recitation of the "Morning After," and the most enjoyable social affair in the history of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society was over.

### Coyotes Crushed 33-0.

As an answer to the critics who were basing their opinions of Notre Dame's strength on the mere score of the Yale game, Saturday's contest with South Dakota was a more effective silencer than any amount of explanation. The count 33-0 demonstrated indubitably that the Gold and Blue team has not been over-rated, as some inflated Eastern writers seem to think. This clear cut, overwhelming victory over one of the best Western teams, has proved a source of great satisfaction to the fans, vindicating their belief in the strength of the team by showing what could be done in favorable weather, and with a fair break in luck—circumstances conspicuously absent at New Haven. The game proved one other thing—that the Gold and Blue is entitled to the top place in Western football. Those who may doubt this should consider long and carefully the facts at the end of the column,—and if Mr. Stagg has no objections, a post-season game would be not at all unwelcome hereabouts. Another point that should not be passed over is the credit due the team for their work. After their heart-breaking struggle of the week before, and two thousand miles of travel, a slump would not have been at all surprising; but the "come-back," fighting spirit was never more in evidence, and the result surpassed the expectations.

Improvement in team work was the noticeable feature of the tilt at Sioux Falls. The Yale game did a world of good in pointing out the weak spots, and showing the necessity for smooth running and united action. The lesson was learned well, and the Coyotes received its full benefit. Two scores in the third and three in the fourth quarter prove that the men are

in splendid physical condition. It was this ability to stick, and do the hardest fighting when the other fellows were weakening, that won the West Point game last year, and last week's performance augurs well for success on November seventh.

As usual, it is difficult to mention any particular stars. Bergman ran around end for two fifty yard runs for touchdowns, and tore off many runs of less yardage, Dutch dazzled the spectators with his special brand of football—open field sprinting. Cofall showed that he could play halfback as well as quarter, and gained ground consistently; as interference for the other men, he was at his best. Pliska, though not getting in until late in the game, showed the same splendid form that helped down the Coyotes last season. And at fullback, Sam Finegan almost made the South Dakotans think that Eichenlaub was in the game. Sam deserves all the praise that can be given for his work.

Baujan, at end, was the surprise of the game, and proved a fit running mate for Elward. If Harry keeps up the way he has been going, it looks as though the wing problem was solved satisfactorily at last. Both he and Elward were at the receiving end of several beautiful forward passes, one of which counted a touchdown.

The centre of the line held like a rock,—the most pleasing thing about the whole contest, after reading some critical (?) remarks from the East. The giant of the South Dakota aggregation played opposite Captain Jones—that is to say, when "Deak" let him stay there, a very infrequent thing—and he was a bruised and battered, out-played giant when the game ended. Bachman played a great game—the Chicago boy is proving a whirlwind at the guard position. Of Lathrop, Keefe, and Fitz, old veterans all, so much has been said in past years that any new praise is mere repetition.

Notre Dame and South Dakota both used an open style of play, the Gold and Blue especially, getting away with several fine forward passes. The new Rugby passing was used but little—Coach Harper is not spilling any unnecessary tricks these days. And any team that hopes to conquer the Gold and Blue this fall, needs a pair of all steel, chain-lightning, mile-a-minute ends, who can think just as fast as they move. The plays around the wings are as powerful as any play can be, and have



a smash and speed that is practically irresistible.

What the Sioux Falls *Argus Leader* says:

With a day ideally perfect for football, the grounds in excellent condition for spectacular play and before a noisy and enthusiastic crowd imbued with the zest of the occasion, the University of South Dakota football team went down to defeat to-day before the Notre Dame team by a score of 33 to 0.

Thousands of people attended the game, many driving in from the surrounding territory by automobiles this morning, fair weather bringing good roads and an ideal day for football playing. Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, and this state, were represented in the big crowd that thronged the grandstands surrounding the field.

A feature of the game was the open style of play, both teams attempting the forward pass many times and with varying success.

Before the game, and during the periods of intermission the crowds were entertained by the University band from Vermillion and the Fourth regiment band from Watertown, which paraded the field and sustained the enthusiasm. To add to the amusement the clown band from the State University was on hand in full regalia, and also paraded the field during the intermissions.

#### GAME IN DETAIL.

##### FIRST QUARTER.

Taking their place at the west goal with their back to the sun, South Dakota kicked off to Notre Dame to their 30-yard line. Notre Dame is down. Bergman made two successive runs around left end to South Dakota's 30-yard line. Forward pass, Bergman to Larkin, made another 10 yard gain. Bergman fails on another quarterback run. Ball goes to South Dakota on downs. Notre Dame penalized for off-side play ten yards. South Dakota fails to make gains and kicks. Bergman takes the punt and makes small gain. Cofall gains three yards on line buck. Notre Dame drives South Dakota back and the Coyotes are forced to kick. Game called at the end of first quarter with ball on Notre Dame's 40-yard line; Notre Dame's ball. Score, 0 to 0.

##### SECOND QUARTER.

Bergman fails to make gains through centre. Taking time out; Bergman injured. Harper takes Bergman out. Cofall goes to quarter and Berger to half. Notre Dame kicks. South Dakota's ball on their 30-yard line. South Dakota kicks ball. Cofall covers the ball round left end but fails to gain for Notre Dame. South Dakota's ball on fumble by Notre Dame after line drive. Hengle drop-kicks for South Dakota. Cofall of Notre Dame brought the ball back about 35 yards. Notre Dame kicks to Parlman who makes small gain. South Dakota's forward pass failed. Hengle of South Dakota kicked back and Larkin of Notre Dame makes the catch; South Dakota held Notre Dame on 25-yard line. At the end of the second quarter, score 0 to 0.

##### THIRD QUARTER.

Pliska replaces Larkin at right half for Notre Dame in the opening of the second half. Cofall kicks to

South Dakota; South Dakota brings the ball to 30-yard line; line buck for small gain; South Dakota kicks; Notre Dame penalized for off-side, 10 yards, and returns kick; after a series of line plunges South Dakota loses ball on downs; Notre Dame fails to make forward pass; Notre Dame kicks; South Dakota recovers ball on 10-yard line; South Dakota kicks back; Cofall catches the ball, and Notre Dame fails to make gain on left end run. Another forward pass by Notre Dame is fumbled. Notre Dame kicks to 30-yard line. Parlman catches the kick. Line plunge by South Dakota makes four yard gain. Parlman fails to gain on left run and is driven back ten yards. South Dakota kicks. Cofall catches punt on the 40-yard line and is downed in his tracks. Time out, man injured. South Dakota holds Notre Dame. Finegan of Notre Dame makes forward pass to Baujan for forty yard gain. Cofall takes the ball across the line for the first touchdown. After a punt-out Cofall kicks goal; score, Notre Dame, 7; South Dakota, 0.

South Dakota kicks off to Notre Dame; Finegan makes six-yard gain through South Dakota line. Cofall makes left end run of 50 yards; forward pass fails. Forward pass, Finegan to Elward, for 20 yards; Notre Dame penalized 10 yards; Pliska of Notre Dame drives through centre and makes 35 yard run for touchdown. Cofall kicks goal. Score, Notre Dame, 14; South Dakota, 0.

Cofall of Notre Dame kicks off to South Dakota; South Dakota returns the ball 20 yards; makes a forward pass, it fails; another forward pass fails; third forward pass makes no gain; end of third quarter. Score, Notre Dame, 14; South Dakota, 0.

##### FOURTH QUARTER.

South Dakota's ball. South Dakota punts 20 yards. Notre Dame's forward pass, Finegan to Berger makes 20 yard gain. South Dakota holds line plunges; Notre Dame penalized 10 yards for off-side play. Forward pass by Notre Dame to South Dakota's 20 yard line. Time out, man injured. South Dakota's ball. Line plunge fails to gain. Brown goes in for Collins. South Dakota makes 20 yard gain. Forward pass incomplete. South Dakota penalized ten yards. South Dakota punts. Cofall of Notre Dame catches punt and returns ball 30 yards. Pliska and Finegan make big gains through centre. Forward pass Cofall to Baujan for a touchdown. Cofall fails to kick goal.

Ward replaces Keefe for Notre Dame. Bergman replaces Cofall at quarter. Cofall out of game. Pliska kicks off. Hengle returns ball 35 yards. South Dakota makes 20 yards on forward pass. Another forward pass fails and still another is intercepted by Fitzgerald who returns it 20 yards. Dive through centre makes six yards. Forward pass, Bergman to Elward, makes 40 yard gain for Notre Dame. Bergman of Notre Dame makes left end run for a touchdown. Goal kick failed. Score, Notre Dame, 26; South Dakota, 0.

On the kickoff McCormick of South Dakota got the ball and returned 25 yards. Mills replaces Baujan at end for Notre Dame. Stephan replaces Bachman at right guard. Notre Dame gets the ball on downs. Notre Dame gains four yards through right guard.

South Dakota's ball on downs; attempted pass by



Kelleher. Ellmar replaces Manary at centre for South Dakota. Bergman for Notre Dame makes sixty yard run around left end for a touchdown. Goal kick made. Score: Notre Dame, 33; South Dakota, 0.

## NOTRE DAME, 33.

## SOUTH DAKOTA, 0.

Baujan	R. E.	McCormick
Lathrop	R. T.	Horner
Bachman	R. G.	Manary
Fitzgerald	C.	Potts
Keefe	L. G.	Seeley
Jones [Capt.]	L. T.	Willy
Elward	L. E.	Collins
Bergman	Q.	Parliman
Larkin	R. H.	Videl
Cofall	L. H.	Ferguson [Capt.]
Finegan	F.	Hengel

Touchdowns—Cofall, Pliska, Baujan, Bergman 2.  
Goals from touchdowns—Cofall, Bergman.

Officials—Referee, Eisen of the Sioux City High School; umpire, Gus Graham, of Des Moines; head lineman, Billy Brennan, assistant coach at Ames.

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#### HOW NOTRE DAME LINES UP WITH THE STRONGEST NON-CONFERENCE TEAMS.

Michigan Aggies, 0; Michigan, 3.  
Michigan Aggies, 0; Nebraska, 24.  
Nebraska, 0; South Dakota, 0.  
South Dakota, 0; Notre Dame, 33.

#### Interhall Athletics.

##### CORBY, 16; WALSH, 0.

The interhall football season was opened last Sunday morning with an interesting game between Walsh and Corby. The Corby team was heavier and faster than Walsh and contained a number of Freshman stars. The light and inexperienced Walsh team put up a plucky fight and succeeded in holding Corby to 16 points. Corby started the game with a run. Early in the first quarter Whalen intercepted a forward pass and on the next play "Little Dutch" Bergman went around end for a touchdown. Whalen failed to kick the goal. Walsh then rallied and carried the ball down the field to Corby's five yard line where it was lost on downs. This was the best playing done by Walsh during the game. Jones and O'Neill starred during the rally. Kirkland immediately punted, but Walsh soon lost the ball on downs. Bergman gained fifteen yards around end and Ryan gained seven through the line.

After the ball had changed hands twice in the second quarter, Ryan gained 15 yards around right end. Several sensational tackles by Grady then stopped the Corby advance and Whalen

drop-kicked a goal from the twenty-yard line.

The ball see-sawed back and forth during the third quarter, the only feature being a twenty-yard run by Ryan. At the start of the fourth quarter, Walsh punted, Fitzgerald gained ten yards for Corby. Whalen attempted another drop-kick but it went wide. Walsh punted from her twenty-yard line and Joe Dorais, running just as "Gus" used to run on Cartier Field, returned the punt fifty yards for a touchdown. This was the most spectacular play of the game as Dorais ran through the entire Walsh team. Whalen kicked the goal, and made the final score 16-0.

##### ST. JOSEPH, 6; BROWNSON, 0.

Last Sunday afternoon, St. Joseph and Brownson staged one of the most interesting and hard fought games ever seen at Notre Dame. St. Joseph's victory came as a distinct surprise to interhall rooters who had almost unanimously predicted a victory for Brownson. The rooter's mistake was not due to any underestimation of Brownson's strength, for Brownson has a powerful team. However, no one expected the finished team-work and splendid fighting spirit, displayed by St. Joseph. The winners were up against players who outweighed them, who were better trained and had had more experience, but St. Joseph was willing to fight and she possessed a quarterback who knows not the meaning of "quit," and who, playing through the last three-quarters of the game with a broken shoulder blade, did the most effective and most spectacular punting ever seen in interhall. Time after time, Brownson rushed the ball down the field only to lose it on downs or on a fumble, in the very shadow of St. Joseph's goal; and time after time, the gritty Phelan punted the ball over Matthew's head and out of danger. Despite the fact that the Brownson linemen came plunging at him, Phelan coolly stepped behind one of his backs, took his time and placed his punts. Those who saw the Sunday game can readily see why it is that eastern games are frequently punting duels, for Phelan gained time and yards for his team on every kick.

The game started with a rush. The Brownson team soon began a march down the field toward the St. Joseph goal. Wolf, Matthews and Rydzewski making short but consistent gains. When on St. Joseph's twenty-yard line, Brownson lost the ball on a fumble, but it was soon back in their possession when a forward

pass was intercepted. The St. Joseph goal was again threatened early in the second quarter, but Brownson lost the ball on downs and Phelan made the most phenomenal of his many phenomenal punts, the ball going seventy-five yards down the field. Towards the end of the half, Diener, who had been playing well on the defensive, intercepted a forward pass and gained twenty-five yards. St. Joseph was unable to advance the ball farther. Several times in the third quarter a touchdown for Brownson seemed inevitable, but St. Joseph always braced when forced back close to her own goal line, and the last quarter began without a score. Brownson immediately started another march down the field, but with the ball on St. Joseph's twenty-yard line, Matthews fumbled. Cook grabbed the ball, and raced seventy-five yards down the field for the only touchdown of the game. O'Donnell failed to kick goal. Brownson came back determined to make a touchdown. Rydzewski, Yeager and Wolf tore into the St. Joseph line, but the veteran Bartel and O'Donnell braced up the St. Joseph men and they held the Brownsonites until the referee's whistle ended the game with the ball in Brownson's possession on St. Joseph's fifteen-yard line.

Every man on each team played hard, consistent football. Callahan, despite an injured knee, played his usual brilliant game, and Tobin's work for St. Joseph cannot be left unmentioned. Justice would demand individual mention for every other player, but lack of space prevents our giving it. Sunday's game only further complicates the interhall race, for it does not, by any means, eliminate Brownson. The latter team will undoubtedly come back stronger than ever, and is going to furnish tough opposition in every game. St. Joseph must now be considered in all pennant calculations and it looks like "anybody's race."

### Safety Valve.

Carrollite:—"Where is this Sigh Ox Falls where Notre Dame played South Dakota?"

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### ANOTHER FOOLER.

This play was invented after Dock's book was written. The tackle of the defensive eleven should break through the line as soon as the ball is snapped, grab the ball out of the quarterback's hands and run down the field for a touchdown. For further details inquire at St. Joseph Hall.

"You know me, Al. I'm the fellow who consoles you by saying: 'If you had only kept your money and put it on the South Dakota game.'"

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None but the bald deserve the hair.

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Among the new students we notice such suggestive names as Hellrung, Windoffer, Stallkamp, Hawxhurst; and Brownson Hall has a Wildman, a Merri-man, a Blackman, a Trainor, a Trotter, etc.

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### HOW TO BE A GOOD PUNTER.

People who wish to become good punters should hold the football in two hands instead of one, and should hit the ball on the outside of the instep with sufficient force to send it eighty yards.

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### PEST NO. XII.

The fellow whose face is covered with a smile when some one is singing a German song in Washington Hall—as though he understood it.

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The moral is: "Don't bet," because it doesn't pay—always.

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Yes, we lost at Yale, but I still have my check suit and a tie and a dozen of pocket handkerchiefs.

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Brownson Hall has developed another pool shark who makes speeches on occasion.

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The Carrollites have been rolling one Philip Hoops all over the campus.

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The newspapers insist on calling our football team "the Irish," in spite of Bachman, Eichenlaub, Pliska, Bergman, etc.

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The Germans are about to try a forward pass across the English Channel and it's safe to say it won't be intercepted. Krupp is their quarterback.

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And the time a professor hears real sob-stuff is the Thursday after the Delinquent List is published—"Yes, professor, it will break my mother's heart (not to mention that it keeps me home from town)."

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We absolutely refuse to take any more sentimental verse for the Varsity Verse column, unless the author is willing to have his own name signed to it.

The other day some one slipped this piece under our door:

Your eyes are as deep as a bottomless well,  
And your teeth are like splashes of sun.  
And your cheeks are incarnadine,—  
(meaning quite red)  
And your brow is as tanned as a bun,

bun, bun.

W. C.

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Student:—"May I go to town to get my good suit? I left it with my uncle just before the Yale game."

Prefect:—"Why, I really didn't know you had an uncle in town."